

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

A Judge May Be Lenient at Times

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Hunting a Husband

The Widow Quarrels with the Doctor, Who is Interested in Her Case.

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DEWATER.

The sun was shining cheerfully when Beatrice Minor awoke on the morning following her day of illness. Her throat was still a little weak after the fever and fasting of yesterday, but the headache that had tortured her was gone and she felt almost well.

Mary came in with a tray of steaming coffee and hot toast, and after Beatrice had breakfasted, she announced that she was going to get up. Despite the protests of the maid, who quoted the doctor's orders and her own promise, the widow arose, bathed, and, after fastening her hair in a loose knot at the back of her neck, donned a dainty morning gown and went on the veranda. Here she stretched herself out in a lounging chair in the sunshine at one end of the porch, and, resting her head against the soft cushion behind her, closed her eyes.

"She must have fallen asleep," for she roused herself with a start to find Paul Maynard standing in front of her, looking at her quizzically.

"He was dozing in a flannel shirt and white trousers and wore moccasins. He held a great bunch of white and gold water lilies which he laid on her lap."

"A votive offering to the sleeping beauty," he said, lightly.

"With an exclamation of delight Beatrice buried her face in the cool fragrance of the flowers."

"Oh, they are perfectly wonderful!" she exclaimed. "Where did you ever find them?"

"I found me with the lark," announced Maynard, "and took them from a secluded spot at the upper end of the lake before the rest of the summer boarders could get them. Mrs. Robbins told me you were ill, but now that I see you, I don't believe a word of it. So, after all, you obtained the flowers under false pretences. As a penalty the court sentences you to a half hour's conversation with me."

"He drew up a chair and sat down beside her. "Please pardon the clothes," he begged. "I like to be all fussed up like an ambassador when I come to see you, but this is the only costume in keeping with the early morning paddle after a day and night of soaking rain. So here I am, rough clothes and all!"

"I am glad you came," said Beatrice, smiling. "I wanted to be amused most awfully. One gets very tired of no company except one's self when one is ill."

"How do you prefer to be amused?" asked the man, banteringly. "Miss Landdowne said to me the other night, 'Oh, Mr. Maynard, please say something funny, won't you?' Shall I tell you something funny?"

"Don't if it is a real effort," laughed the widow. "Did Miss Landdowne suffer from her wetting?"

"Not a bit, for a wonder. You seem, instead, to have been visited with the cold that was rightfully coming to her from her unpremeditated plunge into the lake."

"I am almost selfish enough to wish that justice had been done," sighed Beatrice. "I put in a most miserable time yesterday."

"I am so sorry," said the man, sympathetically.

"From down the driveway came the 'honk' of an automobile horn. The widow glanced over her shoulder.

"Oh," she exclaimed, in half-laughing dismay, "that's Dr. Haynes! And he said I was not to get up until he came to-day!"

"The physician did not appear to be in the best of tempers as he left his car and came up on the veranda.

"Good morning, doctor!" Maynard hailed him gayly. "You've come to late. The day is all well now."

"Your medicine worked wonders, Dr. Haynes," said Beatrice, feeling under the physician's disapproving gaze, like a naughty child.

"It would be well if you had as much faith in my directions as you had in the prescription," said the physician, curtly. "I ordered you not to get up until I saw you again."

"He looked at Maynard as he spoke, and that gentleman, understanding the significance of the gaze, rose hastily.

"Please don't go!" pleaded Beatrice. "I am quite well, and there is no reason for my being treated like an invalid."

"But Maynard declined her invitation with a laugh. "The visitations of the physician must be conducted with the strictest privacy," he jests. "Why be a physician if one cannot chat on telephonic with one's charming patients?"

"He said good-bye to Beatrice, nodded to the physician and took his departure. The doctor dropped into the chair that Maynard had vacated.

"Mrs. Minor," he began, evidently controlling his indignation with difficulty,

"you know that you ought to have lain still this morning."

"But I feel quite well," protested the widow.

"That makes no difference," he rejoined impatiently. "In the first place you could not feel well after having had fever all yesterday. In the second place, I told you to stay in bed until I saw you again."

"But you did not come over last night, as I supposed you would, and I exercised the right of private judgment. And—with an indifferent smile—"I am not a child, you know."

The memory of the pique which she had heretofore felt at her failure to make an impression upon this man added zest to her enjoyment of his discomfiture. He had embarrassed her often enough; now let him be the one to suffer!

But Dr. Haynes, like many another man who is forced by his calling to control tongue and manner under most circumstances, had a violent temper, and now he gave vent to it.

"As long as I am your physician," he burst forth, "you will please accord me the courtesy of following my orders. What you need, Mrs. Minor, is a strong-willed, masterful husband to control you. By sitting out here you may have endangered your life. Does that fact seem a trifle to you? You have two children to bring up, and they are entirely dependent upon you. Is a risk of your health worth while?"

"Dr. Haynes!" exclaimed the woman, astounded, and, in her turn, angry. "I think you forget yourself!"

"I forget nothing!" declared the physician. "I am speaking to you as I would wish some one to speak to my own sister if she behaved as you do. It is time that some one told you the truth about yourself!"

Beatrice Minor's mood suddenly changed, and a spasm of self-pity made her lip quiver as she answered.

"You might remember," she said in a low tone, "that I am a widow and all alone in the world."

"It might be as well if you remembered that yourself," the man rejoined hotly.

The half-weak woman paled suddenly at the brutality of the retort, but she summoned her dignity to her aid and, in a moment, had seemingly conquered the momentary weakness that had assailed her. She rose of her feet and faced the surprised man.

"I will have no further need of your services, Dr. Haynes," she said steadily.

The physician stared at her incredulously; then sprang to his feet.

"As you please," he exclaimed. Then he turned and went down the steps, and a moment later the dashed but still angry woman saw his automobile bear him swiftly away from her gate.

Turning the Tables

It is said that Prof. Blackie often told this anecdote "on himself." This old professor used to form a very picturesque figure in the Edinburgh streets. He was a wiry old patriarch, with handsome features and hair falling in ringlets about his shoulders. No one who had seen him could possibly forget him. One day he was accosted by a very dirty little bootblack with his "Shine your boots, sir!" The professor was impressed by the fineness of the boy's face. "I don't want a shine, my lad," said he; "but if you'll go and wash your face I'll give you a shilling."

"A right, sir," was the lad's reply. Then he went over to a neighboring fountain and made his ablution. Returning, he held out his hand for the money.

"Well, my lad," said the professor, "you have earned the shilling. Here it is."

"I dinna want it," returned the boy, with a lordly air. "You keep it and get your hair cut."—National Monthly.

Navigation on the Osage.

One of the very crookedest streams anywhere is the Osage river in Missouri. In that region they tell of a farmer living on the banks of that river who had a small flatboat, which one day he loaded with produce and floated down to market, six miles away. He exchanged the produce for goods at one of the stores and loaded his goods in the flatboat.

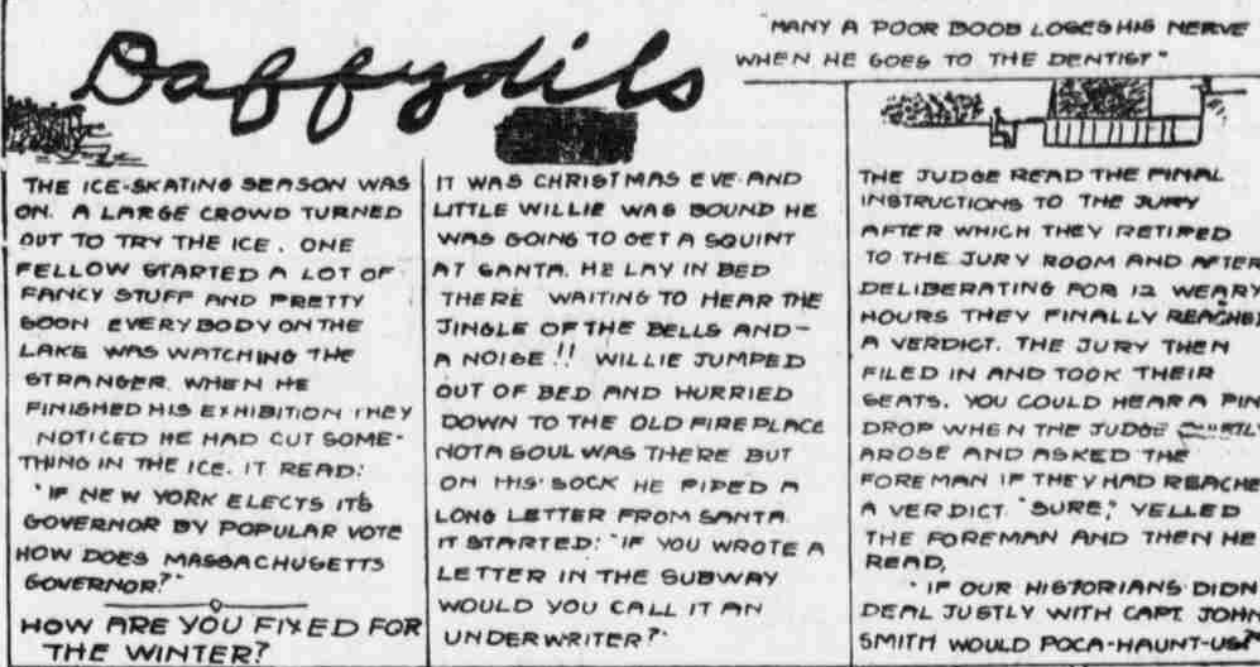
"How are you going to get your stuff home, Bill?" asked a friend.

"I am going to tow it back," was the response.

"How are you going to do that? I don't understand."

"I guess you don't know much about this river. It doubles on itself just below here and runs back to within less than a quarter of a mile of my place. I've got a landing on both banks and a team of horses that can drag the boat over from one landing to the other."

Kansas City Journal.



Don't Make Your Resolve Into a Mental Funeral March

Woman Author's Opinion of New Year Resolutions



MRS. MARION F. MARSHALL.

By ADA PATTERSON.

"I believe in New Year resolutions, but not in the manner of making them."

Mrs. Marion F. Marshall, the witty author, turned serious dark eyes upon me. Mrs. Marshall is proof that a woman must not be old nor ugly to be a successful writer.

"New Year resolutions express our ideals and everybody is better for an ideal," she said. "But why make resolutions about our conduct for the next year in the spirit of going to a funeral? Why stupidly stick to the method that fails? The reason we do not always keep our resolves made at the birth of a new year is that we have made ourselves think we are monsters of wrongdoing and that we cannot possibly keep the resolutions because we have broken them before. That is what a singer would call a bad method of attack."

"Instead of spending an hour on New Year's eve, making a list of our faults, why not devote the time to meditating upon the worth-while side of our nature and being grateful? Surely this would be such a natural and heartening proceeding, for there is a lot that is decent and encouraging in even the worst of us—that the natural impulse would be to add to the list. We would make a positive instead of a negative matter of it."

"Building up processes are so much more interesting than the tearing down ones that we are more apt to stick to the task. Besides did not a very clever thinker once advise us to think about

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely and whatsoever things are of good report?"

"I will resolve on the first day of 1913 never again to give a Christmas present. I shall send the prettiest thing I can afford to any friend of mine whenever the spirit and the market moves me, and on Christmas confine myself to a card. This would be a relief to both givers and receivers—which class is most to be pitied—and would work no ill to the merchant in our midst. It would spread his Christmas trade out through the year and would save the overworked people and delivery horses."

"I have made and broken the resolution before, but that was because I allowed myself to think about the beauty of the plume. I shall not suffer another relapse this time, however, for I now have a clear picture in my mind of the exquisite creature that was killed during the mating season by the brutes who make their living that way. And some day, maybe today, I'm going to be decent enough to resolve never to wear the fur of any animal that has been caught in a trap and left to starve itself to death or to die of gangrene from a crushed paw or broken leg. Not that I think the wearing of furs is a peculiarly feminine failing. Any man who can afford a fur-lined overcoat delights in its beauty and comfort in quite as primitive a manner

as the most feminine woman among us."

"I shall begin the new year with a hot resolve to vote. This, after reading some such illuminating bit of literature as the report of the Committee of Fifteen. O think if some of the ants would calmly peruse some of these truthful and courageous reports on segregation and kindred topics they would decide that whether or not they need the vote, the vote needs them."

"Then you believe in New Year resolutions, but not in the ordinary New Year frame of mind?" I asked.

"Exactly. I oppose the spirit of abasement that precedes the New Year resolutions. Better begin with thinking 'I'm a pretty fair sort of woman, but I want to be better,' than 'I'm a kind of human ash heap. What is the use of trying to be better?'"

"It is a very depressing way to begin the New Year with all one's most deplorable traits in the pillory before one's mind's eye, growing more real and formidable every moment. I believe this process amounts to absolute suggestion, so what wonder that it often proves a failure? Take the case of the man who drinks not wisely but too well. He resolves not to touch a drop for a year. And what happens? A picture of those three hundred and sixty-five thirsty days unfolds itself before his imagination. He grows thirstier every moment, until at last a drink, or the lack of it, becomes the real thing in the world to him and he goes and gets it, and with it not only

Baron Stein

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

One hundred and fifty-five years ago was born Heinrich Friedrich Karl Stein, the regenerator of Prussia, the man whose splendid work made possible the victories of the Franco-Prussian war, and the establishment of the great empire which followed so close after them.

Created minister of state in 1848, Stein at once began his noble work of reforming and rejuvenating his beloved Prussia. He abolished the iniquitous internal customs duties and established a responsible ministry in place of the ring of irresponsibles who had hitherto been ruining the country.

Dismissed for his plain talk to the king, he was recalled a few months later on his own terms, when he began the organic reforms which are at the bottom of the present-day greatness of the German people. A lofty personage whom Stein had caused to be imprisoned for fraud, having obtained a pardon from the king, called on Stein to show it to him. The minister beat him out of the house with his cane.

At a dinner in Berlin a great noble, of secondarily traits, was announced, whereupon Stein, in spite of all remonstrance, left the room, declaring that he "would not sit under the same roof with such a creature."

In other words, he began the business of converting the absolute monarchy of Prussia into a free representative state. He was the father of the principle of local self-government in his country. The

right of self-government was to extend to the rural districts, and a thorough reform in every branch of the administration was to be effected, while the copings of the new edifice was to take the form of a free representative parliament.

Lover of justice as he was, and man of peace, Stein knew very well that as things then were he could not afford to overlook the army, and accordingly he resolutely applied himself to the task of reorganizing and increasing the military strength of his country, thus laying the foundation for the successes that were later on won by Van Moltke and Prince Frederick.

In the meantime, Stein was the first clearly to see the pressing necessity of German unity and to force it upon the attention of the German people. Germans will never cease to honor Bismarck, and neither, if they are grateful, will they ever forget Stein, the man who made Bismarck possible.

A most noble character withal was Baron Stein—clean, honest, incorruptible. The grand duke of Weimar, ranking next to the king, tried one day to tell a filthy joke in Stein's presence and was roundly rebuked at the first word.

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The Heavens in January

The sun is going north slowly and increasing the day's length from 9 hours 10 minutes on the 1st, to 9 hours 36 minutes on the 15th, and 9 hours 38 minutes on the 31st. The sun rises on these dates at 7:53, 7:50, 7:49, and sets at 5:03, 5:16, 5:37. The sun is 4 minutes slow on the 1st and 14 minutes slow on the 31st.

Mercury is morning star the whole month, but scarcely visible, although it makes a close conjunction with Mars on the 24th and with Jupiter on the 26th. Venus is slowly increasing in brilliancy in the evening sky and coming higher north.

Mars and Jupiter have a close conjunction in the morning twilight on the 12th.

Mars being then about 47 minutes south of Jupiter. Mercury will also be nearly a few days before and pass between the two. As these planets will be only at one hour's distance from the sun, the conjunction may not be visible except in a telescope of some kind and in a very clear sky.

Saturn is still the dominant planet. It crosses the meridian on the 15th at 8:37 p. m.

The moon is new on the 7th, in first quarter on the 15th, full on the 23d and in last quarter on the 30th. It is in conjunction with Venus on the 11th and with Saturn on the 18th.

WILLIAM F. RIGGE,
Creighton Observatory, Omaha.

Flying Across the Atlantic

Claude Grahame-White, in discussing his project of making the Atlantic passage in a hydro-aeroplane next year, says that he anticipates some trouble in obtaining the motors for the powerful airship which he has planned. To cross the Atlantic in about thirty hours four engines of 250-horse-power would be required, he believes, to drive his aeroplane, which will be large enough to carry two pilots, two mechanics and two passengers. Motors of such power have not yet been built for the heavier than air flying machine. Mr. Grahame-White would experience difficulty in finding the engineer with genius and patience enough to furnish the design and construct the motor. Some time ago the aviator consulted an engine maker about "a special motor of 300-horse-power," and learned that it could not be furnished in less than eighteen months. This explanation was given:

"During the eighteen months, although you may not believe me, my experimental expenses would amount to not very far short of \$15,000 (about \$15,000). Naturally, you might ask where the money would go. It is not difficult to tell you. Before I was able to get the details of such a new engine all in satisfactory order, I should have to make, only to scrap

perhaps, a headache, but an added sense of depression and disappointment in himself and the discouraging conviction that he has not as good a mind as he thought he had."

"Well, he hadn't, but getting discouraged about it doesn't help. Better jolly himself into the state of mind of believing he is a good sort of fellow by dwelling upon his undoubted and generally conceded good points, and then take the pledge as a matter of course. It's like getting a horse's blood up before he takes the hurdle."

again, quite a number of complete engines."

If the engine maker can produce the perfect high power motor only by elaborate experimenting, so the aviator can prove the fully equipped heavy-weight aeroplane to be capable of sustained flight only by a long series of tests involving considerable risk and danger. Mr. Grahame-White proposes to install four motors of thirty-five horse-power in a machine larger than he has ever handled, but it would not follow that if he made it fly about England the great fabric for the Atlantic passage would be a success. The preliminary test would have to be renewed and made all over again with supplies aboard and the six passengers in their places. It is doubtful whether enough petrol could be carried to last the voyage. Mr. Grahame-White admits this. Perhaps a reserve could be stored in the "boat" attached to the aeroplane and pumped up into the tank; but it would require nice calculation in the adjustment of weight to keep the "boat" seaworthy, as descents into the water might be frequent and in the end the voyagers might have to depend upon its flotation for rescue.

The risks of the weather would have to be taken, and perhaps June would be more auspicious than any part of the autumn, which Mr. Grahame-White seems to prefer for the venture. He has unbounded faith in the future of the aeroplanes for sustained flights and over-land traveling. It is only a question of power, he has said; he believes that an engine will yet be discovered "infinitely more powerful than the petrol motor and yet at the same time much lighter." When one considers the amazing performances of the aeroplane in the last two or three years, it will not do to speak lightly of his dream of flying the Atlantic.—New York Sun.